

Akala - A Message Lyrics

Why are men so weak?
I ain't got the answer
Any boy can bust a nut
Takes a man to be a father and a partner
Especially young and poor, makes it harder
So we fuck and flee the glee of dicks harder
See every man wants to be loved as much as women do
But we are men, who we gonna admit it to
Especially in these streets when we pose like a killer do
When we say they're hoes does that go for our sisters too?
And I ain't saying i'm perfect
Far from it
Chauvinistic pig, but shit, i'm working on
From the day I woke up and realised that I hated women
Which is dumb, cos I was only raised by women
And I ain't saying they're perfect they would admit they ain't
But they ain't doing 99% of the rape
Male supremacy got us thinking its cool
And women are just objects we do things to

This is a message to my little sisters (this is a message!)
Growing up in this world with no father figures
Deep down need that love from a man (from a man!)
So she get it anyway that she can, yo
This is a message to my little brothers (this-is!)
Growing up in this cold world with only mothers
Trying their hardest to be a man
Gettin' the gram feed the fam only way you can (any way, yeah)

If most mothers acted exactly like most daddies do
There would be an even bigger bigger bag of homeless youths
Runnin' the streets, feeling unloved
How many so called tugs
That grew up with only mums
What if daddy stayed around
Showed him what a man was about
What if he wasn't 8 when he became the man of the house
Where would he be now?
Disciplined, smarter
Mums wouldn't have kicked him out for lookin' just like her partner
Instead when she glance at her son?
It's a reminder of the beatings that he gave her
How he mentally enslaved her
All the while he was abusing she looked at him like a savior
But nobody but herself could save her
And now her eldest son in and out of the prison and women like his daddy
And daughter 15 dropping a baby on the family

Listen
What about the daughters
We always hear about the boys madness
What about the girls born to a dad absent
Told her she was the princess, him and mummy fell out
Ever since then? quickly just lost interest
On to the next piece of skirt with a thin dress
Odd, the lessons we learn we don't sin less
We leave daughters, just because we can
And she after any affection she can have in a man
Same type of girl we turn and call a slag
I ain't sayin' I never did it i'm just sayin' its mad
Cos cuz?
Been 15 and suicidal sad
I don't know what it was
Maybe I miss my dad
All the things I never had, making me mad
In a world that says you don't have? You're basically bad
If we have half the parents
Are we half the person then?
Has it always been like this?
Is this the curse of men?
But then again, even if they stayed together
I don't know if its necessarily better
If they're at each other's throats, or just plain ignore
Parents, they fuck you up they do, that's for sure
Then we grow up
And turn up just like you
The question is?
Can we break the cycle